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## THE HEART OF STEEL:

THE INEBRIATE'S DAUGHTER. A TALE OF THE UNFORTUNATE.

BY H. LANSING BURROWS. Author of "The Prince of the Fire Worshippers."
"The Heir of Bothwell Manor," "Wine,"
"The Stylus Papers, &c."

XXIII. THE SPY.

"Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor Heaven peeps through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, hold! hold!"
MACBETH.
"Knight of the Cross! I bid thee hold! Or my good steel shall lay thee cold; Yes, hell-hound of incarnate shape, Thou'rt foiled." H. L. BURBOWS.

The night approached, which was to behold the consummation of our narrative. Poor Alice! she had set there for hours, but no relief seemed to come near her, a horrible sensation crept over her frame; soon after the rufflan's departure the room was lighted only by the dusky rays that scarcely lived through the metal shutter. How terrible, indeed, was her situation. She had now been held in the strong clamps of the curious chair for a number of hours and her limbs were festering, and her head swimming.

When O'Flannagan, having thus heartlessly confined the delicate girl, returned, it was past noon, and Alice, from excess of pain had fainted. Instantly releasing her by means of a concealed spring he gently lifted her from the chair, and laid her upon the floor. Sprinkling a few drops of water upon her face he anxiously watched the course which her features would take. Gradually she recovered her consciousness, and as she looked into the face of her persecutor she shrank back, and with a voice that would have melted a heart of stone implored him to have mercy upon her. He assisted her to rise, but no sooner had she gained her feet, than she tottered and sank again to the floor. The ruffian's feelings-if he possessed anysmote him, as tenderly laying her upon a rough couch, he sat himself by her side.

"Well, my child !" he commenced in hypocritical tones-a" how do you Rel now ! Are you better? That chair was a little inconvenient, I know, but I was afraid you might wander away, and I should thereby lose a

"Oh! sir, what have I done to merit this treatment? I have harmed none in the world. On! sir, have pity upon me, 'tis so | cruel! Why not kill me at once? Such agony-oh! my brain is turning. Mother! Mother!" and the delicate Alice overcome again by the horrible cramping which her body had undergone, fainted again in the arms of the ruffian.

O'Flannagan was alarmed, and well had he occasion to be, for Alice was truly suffering. The close confinement which her frame, slight by nature, had endured; the burning fever occasioned by the terrible exciting thoughts that revolved continually in her mind; the demands of Nature, for the captive had tasted no food nor quenched her thirst since the previous night; all conspired to throw her into a critical position. Yet, so it was ordained by Providence; for the ruffian's motive was postponed when he gazed upon the withering form of the beautiful maiden; his assassin's nature was gone, and he half relented the

promises he had made to the Alderman. When Alice had again recovered, she was too weak to offer resistance to her persecutor and she reclined upon his arm, with her head leaning against his bosom. She felt now no danger, for grim death would have been welcomed to relieve her of her mental and physical anguish. O'Flannagan looked upon the girl, and his eye met the pleasing, heartbreaking gaze of hers, and he could not stand it, he turned his eye away.

"Your name is Alice Rowand, you say?" "It is!" muttered Alice, almost inaudi-

"Your father married Fannie Effingham, who resided in the Laroch estate in Ireland." "Yes!" was her low answer.

" Does he still live ?? "Six months ago, sir, I saw him last, and then he was alive.'

"Your mother?" "She also lived."

"Where are they now?" "I know not."

"Be careful, girl; mark me now, your life depends upon the answers you give me. I warn you, for you lie in imminent danger. Do your parents live, and where are they?"

"So help me God, I know neither fact," "When saw you your father last?" "It has now been some seven months since I have been separated from him by the burning of his house, I have not seen him from that time, nor do I know if he lives; if feel now?"

he does, I know not where he is." "Girl, you are ill, but this answer must be forced from your lips by torture. Again, I say, where are your parents?"

"By the Supreme Ruler, I know not .-Pray, give me water!"

The ruffian handed her a glass of water, which she drank with avidity. "You need refreshments, too." O'Flannagan setting out a little table by

the lounge, took a plate from a cupboard on which was half a loaf, and setting it by her side, bade her eat.

When she had finished-and she could eat but little-she sank exhausted upon the couch and closed her eyes. She was suffering the most intense pain, and with difficulty she strove to suppress the moans that would give vent to her feelings.

"You suffer?" said O'Flannagan, but it will all be over in time. I shall leave you free, but attempt not on your life to escape from this house. When you are hungry, behold enough to satisfy your cravings; water is convenient, and now I ask again, do you or do you not know the residence of your parents?

"I have told but the truth, so help me God!" was the faint answer that the girl could scarcely breathe.

of Handy O'Flannagan.

The door closed and he was gone. As the sun sat behind a curtain of cloud in the far west, our noble hero, Frank Belton, issued from his father's house, and mounting a fine horse, dashed away to the distant Moyamensing. He drew the rein be-fore a large stone building on Passayunk Road, and having enquired for the Superintendant of Police, asked that he might find two or three men at a corner of a certain street to watch a suspected locality, at the hour of ten that night. Of course this request was granted. It was dark when he arrived at his home; he found that his father had locked himself within the sanctity of his own apartment, with orders not to be disturbed. Frank pondered within himself. Surely his father was about to give his sanction to the deed which his avarice had prompted

him to conjure. The hours passed slowly enough to the youth, and his heart grew lighter as the brazen monitor near, informed him that the appointed time had rolled around. To smuggle himself unseen into the apartment to hear the conversation of the two plotters, was almost impossible, for, though he might contrive to enter, he could not leave the room without suffering detection. Fortunately there was a niche in the wall by his father's door, and throwing an overcoat over a nail, which was above it, he crept into the niche and was completely hid by the coat. Thus engaged he silently and with no little impa-

tience, awaited the return of the ruffian O'-Flannagan. He was not compelled to wait long, for soon the bell was rung violently, and Aubrey Belton hurried to the door to admit his comrade in crime. Silently they proceeded to the room, and passing by the concealment of the spy entered the secret chamber, and the door was locked. Gliding noiselessly from the niche Frank bent his ear to the keyhole, and recognized the voice of O'Flannagan. "And now what of the girl?" anxiously iquired Aubrey Belton, when the door was

locked and he had returned to his seat at the "She is very ill and suffers much," returned O'Flannagan with his imperturbable

"The devil! I care not whether she be well or ill, or how she suffers. Did you ask her the questions I told you, and did she answer? Where are her parents?" "A truce, a truce," exclaimed the ruffian, with an attempt at gayety. "One question

at a time, my lord." "Then did you ask her the questions?"

"And her answers?" What were they?" "That six months since she saw her parents last, and now she knows not if they live at all; or if they are in existence, where you may find them.'

"Tophet! and she knows not?" "So she says, and swears it."

"Did you threaten her with torture and "Yes, but she shrank not at the mention of torture, and seemed to welcome the very idea of death."

"Awful wretch that you are!" muttered the spy, "what sufferings she must undergo to long for death. Well, well. I'll repay you for this with compound interest, see if I

"Then-MURDER HER!" hissed the Alderman, "Now go!" "Oh! no, not so fast, my friend. Where is the recompense for this murder."

"Hush! don't use that word so loud, it's a bad one, it sounds to my heart.' "Would to God it could melt it," prayed

"How much do you desire?" "Every cent of one thousand dollars."

"Will you not go down, extortioner?" "No, mot a dime!" "Then here is five hundred, When you

can bring me proof of her death, the remainder shall be at your order." The cheek that was the price of blood was handed to the ruffian, and placing it in his pocket, he arose to go. But the spy heard his movements, and gliding noiselessly from the place, waited in the shadow of a house for the coming of his enemy. Happily the night was dark, and with this advantage he could track O'Flannagan easily by the sound

of his footsteps. But his own; he had not thought of that, and drawing his knife hastily separated the heels from his boots and impatiently waited. O'Flannagan came and started towards the southern portion of the city in a brisk walk. Noiselessly did the spy follow. In about three-fourths of an hour he gained the point where the policemen were secreted, and beckoning them to accompany him, followed on to the very house of the ruffian. O'Flannagan

stopped, unlocked the door, and as the heavy portal swung back to its place, Frank echoed a hearty "Thank God! we are not detected!" But they hesitated not, for one of the guardians of the city produced a bunch of skeleton keys, and in a moment the door yielded noiselessly to their pressure. The darkness of the inner passage way was slightly dispelled by the rays of light that were streaming from the half opened door, which led into the room where the fair victim of Belton's avarice lay. O'Flannagan was heard in the room, while Frank and its associates

the decisive blow. "Well, my little angel," the gruff voice of O'Flannagan was heard to say, "how do you

anxiously awaited their opportunity to strike

"My God, what a wretch!" muttered Frank between his teeth. "Look up, Alice Rowand, you have told me that you did not know where your pa-

rents now live. Once more I bid you tell me, or see this. Frank cautiously peeped in the door, and saw the ruffian standing over the couch with

a drawn knife. "Mercy sir," faintly implored Alice, "but I know not. "Then prepare yourself for death, for "-

"In the name of the law !" exclaimed a new voice, as a hand was laid upon the wouldbe murderer's shoulder. The tableau silently changed; there was no outcry or struggle. O'Flannagan was in

the hands of the faithful guardian of the peace, while Frank was bending over the fragile girl, who had swooned in his arms.

XXIV. THE EDITOR ON THE ALERT. "My conscience bath a hundred several tongues, And every tongue brings in a several tale, And every tale condemns me for a villian."

SHAKSPEARE'S RICHARD III. John Garland did not sit long in his sanctum, patting his cat, and scanning the thoughts that were whirling in his brain. "Tis sufficient, girl; but it will be a sad He was revolving in his mind whether he hour to you when you tell that to another. I should or should not confront Aubrey Belton, have pity on you, and leave you now. I had and demand from him the will and bring him

The editor hailed a passing omnibus, gave affable to the editor of the "Daily Stylus." "Mr. Belton, I presume your recollection dates as far back as the hour of our search

for that young girl, for whose welfare you seem to display so much interest."
"I don't think that I am so fuddled as to forget the events of last night." "Ah! well; when we met this morning I forgot to ask what I wish to ask now, if you

do not deem it impertinent?" "I am ready to hear," was the gracious as-"Is there a particular interest that prompt-

ed you to the discovery of Alice Rowand, or is it a desire to act a benevolent part in life?" "Both motives are mine." "Then what if I should tell you that the

girl is found?" "Is she in your hands?" quickly asked

the Alderman. "No, not exactly, but in good ones, I sup-

"Yes, I suppose so; and now pray let me ask you the same question you propounded "First, it was merely to promote the girl's

welfare and happiness. Now, it is a personal motive that excites me. Listen, and I'll tell "Proceed, if it relates to her; I am anxious

to hear." "Some years ago there lived across the ocean a lord of great influence and riches. Near him lived also a relative of not very near tie. This relative looked upon the lord's feet up and walk-but hand me that pile of riches with an evil eye, and plotted and counterplotted to secure them, but to no purpose. At last he succeeded in driving away one of ten o'clock." the heiresses, and putting another one out of the way by means of premature death. The curate of the parish was a benevolent man,

and was a firm friend of the family thus broof that very family to his arms and to her jects, if I could ever discover it." the Alderman, unmoved.

that little child we seek. Fortune once threw She strayed from that protector, and her dizzy head led her careless feet far out of the reach of her new home."

"Still you seem to be enigmatical." "There is another man in this vast city, for justice one of her honored crowns. He The man I first mentioned seeks to restore her to affluence and wealth; the other to de- Butler!" stroy her so as he may enjoy that wealth himself. These two men profess to be friends, but the one hates and despises the other." "Still, I cannot see your connection. Explain yourself, Mr. Garland," impatiently

spoke Aubrey Belton; his brows knitted as he plainly recognized the allusions made. "Then, Aubrey Belton, I will make it plain. Nay, shrink not!" said the editor arising. "Look me in the face, and when you have heard it, cut your throat for a hangdog villian! Let me tell you, Aubrey Belton, that the spirit of Marian Effingham will shortly be avenged !"

"Scoundrel! what do you mean?" said the self-accused man, starting from his seat. "Yes, the murder on the Gladstone Heath will yet be investigated before the bar of justice. Aubrey Belton, you stand accused. False-hearted villian that you are, you seek to destroy Alice Rowand. God knows where she is now; but when the last drop of that girl's blood shall drop from her heart, your Heaven shall be black, and from that very hour shall your retribution be at hand."

"With what heinous crime do you charge me?" huskily demanded the Alderman. "Aubrey Belton, Aubrey Belton, sad, sad will be the remaining moments of your life. Down while you have yet time, down on your knees to that God who judges all men, and ask for pardon; then hasten to Alice Row-In short, tell me her place of confinement, and give me the papers you have which place all the property of the Earl of Laroch in her

and's confinement."

"Liar-black-hearted liar-no, you have no heart, it has gone, never to return. Yes," he added very calmly, "the foul fiends stole and longitude so a it on the night that Marianne Effingham was How is yours?" "Mention not that name again. So, go;

I would see you no longer." "Give me those papers." "So, go; I have them not," and the Alderman rushed to his secret chamber.

"By the demons, how gained he this secret-this more than awful secret? I am safe no longer," said Belton when his door was locked, and he had thrown himself into that covered chair in which we have seen him so often before. "This is almost the end of my life. How this editor procured these awful truths, I know not. But shall this deter me from my aims and intentions? Carefully weigh this all, Aubrey Belton. Where is the proof of these fearful facts? What proof can be produced? Ah, yes, I am still safe for the the world is the matter with you?" present, at any event. But shall I mention this to O'Flannagan? No, no, it would be desk? useless, and perhaps if I told him of danger he would endeavor to throw up the whole aff.ir. No, Alice Rowand must die this night. | there.' It will soon be over, Let the villian go on, and sharpen his knife for the bloody murder. I care not for John Garland. I am still safe. and I will yet have the gold I covet. Yes. this is one other barrier to my benevolence and good will to man. Henceforth my heart

is worse than steel." servant, and hurried back to his office. He world, I saw him. had accomplished his end; it was to draw from Aubrey Belton the accusation which comes from the guilty man's lips, and from his actions the plotting Alderman plainly showed that he was an accomplice in the bloody deeds which had characterized the life of the Rowand family; that he truly was one of those who knew of and plotted the murder of Marianne Effingham; and that his object to discover the fairy Alice, was indeed to put in ghosts,' said he, 'but if the truth must be her out of the way, so that he might enjoy told, sir, I'd rather not face it alone." all her property. It was for this reason that 'Come, come man! Go down at once, and he desired to know her place of residence, as don't make a fool of yourself before the the editor plainly saw in the midnight search crew.'

intended to—to—yes, murder you, but you | to justice. He had, however, another motive | on the night before. But now, what was the shall live still longer to witness the triumph | for this. "I cannot betray the young man's father,"

a few parting instructions to Parker, and was he mused, as again he sat alone in his office. soon set down in the neighborhood of the Alderman's house. Ringing the bell he asked Now, what must I do? Well, the best plan for the plotting official, and was ushered into | would be to let all this alone, and see how a capacious parlor; here he had not long to my little hero meets her Leander to night. wait before he was waited upon by the Alder- I'll see the result of Belton's mission first. man himself. Notwithstanding the deep, and then think about it. Now, this whole stinging sensations of remorse that was tear- matter tells me happiness is a mere nothing. ing his soul, he attempted to appear very I seek happiness in one way, and Aubrey Belton seeks it by adding more wealth to his store. Dear me-bless my soul, what fools men do make of themselves! I may be a misanthrope, but to me happiness is emphati-cally like a pig with a greasy tail, which every-body seeks to clutch, and nobody can. Come

> A knock at the door had startled the old editor, and a dirty, vulgar looking individual obeyed the summons. "Sir," said he, addressing the horrified

> knight of the plume, "I am an author, and I may say, of some notoriety. I am one who lives entirely by his pen"-"Eh! what; zounds, sir, you ought to live

in a pen!" The author looked down in despair. "Oh! dear, I can't." "Can't what?" "Meet with success. I can't do anything.

I wish I could just lie down and die." pose," said the editor; the plotting Alderman detected a slight tincture of irony and sar-soul, sir, you're a paradox; I never saw one "Eh! wan't to die, do you! Bless my casm in the voice. "I suppose she will be who might be equal to you. Want to die, do well cared for." who might be equal to you. Want to die, do you? Well, here's a little prussic acid, call that man in there for a witness and kill your-

"No! no!" and the individual shrank back from the bottle which the editor offered him. "Oh, no!" sneered John Garland, "you won't die just yet. Now, look here, take some advice; dress yourself like a gentleman and a civilized American, and not like a Mongol Tartar or a Caffre. Get up in the morning and see the sun rise. I'll bet you a hat you never saw that very curious phenomenon. When you move don't be so lazy; lift your hieroglyphics, and I'll see what I can do for you. Good morning! Come to-morrow at

The author scraped his way out. "Now, that's the way with the world. They can't, and because they can't they won't. The world is so lazy that it can hardly roll ken asunder and separated. To restore one along. The wheels are all full of the mud of nonsense, and they are clogged. Just like rights, has often been one of my earthly ob- it, there's no happiness in the whole world, except among the insects. Who wouldn't "And where is your application?" asked be an insect? Just imagine the fun of going to sleep in a lilly with marble walls and gold-"There is a man in this city who has loved en pillars, or tucking yourself up in a rosebud, where all you have to do when you her in his way, and once he sheltered her from | awake in the morning is to wash your face the last of her father's oppression and wrong, in a dew drop, and fall to and eat your bedclothes! Phsaw! there's, there's that dirty man come here with a pile of nonsense that would vex Pluto to read-does he think that I shall do it? Well, perhaps the man is poor, and the piece is good, and the way to promote happiness is to be happy yourself, and make every body else kappy—so the spelling book seeks this very same girl to kill or ruin her. says, but I don't believe it; there ain't a man living that can do both! Get out of my way,

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# ROBERT BRUCE,

THE MYSTERIOUS HANDWRITING. Mr. Robert Bruce, originally descended from some branch of the Scottish family of that name, was born in humble circumstances, about the close of the last century, at Torbay, in the south of England, and there

bred to a seafaring life. When about thirty years of age, to-wit, in the year 1838, he was first mate of a barque trading between Liverpool and St. John's, New Brunswick. On one of her voyages bound westward,

being then some five or six weeks out, and having neared the eastern portion of the banks of Newfoundland, the captain and mate had been on deck at noon taking an observation of the sun, after which, they both descended to calculate their day's work.

The cabin, a small one, was immediately at the stern of the vessel, and the short stairway descending to it ran athwart-ships .-Immediately opposite to this stairway, just beyond a small square landing, was the mate's state-room; and from that landing there were two doors, close to each other, the one opening aft into the cabin, the other fronting the stairway into the state room. The and and repair the wrongs you have done. desk in the state room was in the forward part of it, close to the door, so that any one sitting at it and looking over his shoulder

could see into the cabin. The mate, absorbed in his calculations, "Villan, you are mad! I have no such papers, nor do I know the place of Alice Rownot noticed the captain's motions. When he had completed his calculations, he called out, without looking round, 'I make our latitude and longitude so and so. Can that be right?

Receiving no reply, he repeated his question, glancing over his shoulder and perceiving, as he thought, the captain busy writing on his slate. Still no answer. Thereupon he rose, and, as he fronted the cabin door, the figure he had mistak en for the captain raised his head and disclosed to the astonished mate the features of an entire stranger. Bruce was no coward, but, as he met that fixed gaze, looking directly at him in grave silence and became assured that it was no one whom he had ever seen before, it was too much for him; and, instead of stopping to question the seeming intruder, he rushed upon deck in such evident alarm that it instantly attracted the captain's attention.

'Why Mr. Bruce,' said the latter, 'what in The matter, sir? Who is that at your

'No one that I know of.' 'But there is, sir: there is a stranger 'A stranger! Why, man, you must be

dreaming. You must have seen the steward there, or the second mate. Who else would venture down without orders?' 'But, sir, he was sitting in your arm-chair. fronting the door, writing on your slate .-Then he looked up full in my face; and if John Garland was shown the door by a ever I saw a man plainly and distinctly in the

> 'Him! Whom? 'God knows, sir, I don't. I saw a man, and a man I had never seen in my life be-

'You must be going erazy, Mr. Bruce .-A stranger, and we nearly six weeks out!' 'I know, sir; but then, I saw him.' 'Go down and see who it is.' Bruce hesitated. 'I never was a believer

'I hope you always found me willing to do | what's reasonable, Bruce replied, changing thing is most mysterious and extraordinary, color; but if its all the same to you, sir, I'd and I had intended to speak to you about it

to be found! 'Well, Mr. Bruce,' said the captain, 'did not I tell you you had been dreaming?"

'Ah! writing on the slate. Then & should be there still.' And the captain took it up.
'My God!' he exclaimed, 'here's samething sure enought is that you ling Mr.

'Have you been trifling with me, sir?' added the ceptain, in a stern manner. 'On my word, as a man and a sailor, sir,' replied Bruce, 'I know no more of this matact truth.

Steer to the por west.'

before him, in deep thought. At last, turn-ing the slate over, and passing it to Bruce, to nor west, and I had a look out aloft, to see he said, 'write down, Steer to the nor'west.' | what would come of it. But you say,' he adnarrowly comparing the two hand writings, not dream of writing on a slate.' said, Mr. Bruce, go and tell the second mate to come down here.'

also wrote the same words. So did the to rescue us; but how that impression came, steward. So in succession did every man I cannot tell. There is another very strange of the crew who could write at all. But not thing about it,' he added. 'Everything here one of the various hands resembled, in any on board seems to me quite familliar; yet degree, the mysterious writing.

deep thought. 'Could any one have been your mate see?' stowed away? at last he said. 'The ship seek. Order up all hands.'

stem to stern, was thoroughly searched, and The above narrative was communicated to that with all the eagerness of excited curios- | me by Capt. J. S. Clarke, of the schooner ity-for the report had gone out that a stran- Julia Hallock, who had it directly from Bruce ger had shown himself on board—but not a himself. They sailed together for seventeen living soul beyond the officers and crew was | months, in the year 1836 and 1837; so that |

Returning to the cabin after their fruit- eight years after the occurrence. 'what the devil do you make of all this?'

Well it would seem so. We have the the brig Comet and that she was lost. wind free, and I have a great mind to keep her away and see what will become of it.' 'I surely would, sir, if I were in your place. It's only a few hours lost, at the worst.'

the course nor'west. And, Mr. Bruce, he can't be together, shut up for seventeen added, as the mate rose to go, "have a good | months in the same ship, without getting to His orders were obeyed. About 3 o'clock.

the lookout reported an iceberg nearly ahead. vessel of some kind, close to it. As they approached, the captain's glass disclosed the fact that it was a dismantled The Manners of the Mother Mould the ship, apparently frozen to the ice, and with a good many human beings on it. Shortly

after they hove to, and sent out the boats to the relief of the sufferers. It proved to be a vessel from Quebec bound to Liverpool, with passengers on board. She had got entangled in the ice, and finally frozen fast, and had passed several weeks in a most critical condition. She was stove, her decks swept; in fact, a mere wreck; all her provisions and almost all her water gone, her crew and passengers had lost all hopes of being saved, and their gratitude for the

unexpected rescue was proportionately As one of the men who had been brought ing up at him from the captain's desk. At first he tried to persuade himself it

might be fancy; but the more he examined the man, the more sure he became that he was right. Not only the face, but the person and the dress, exactly corresponded. As soon as the crew and famished passengers were cared for, and the bark on her course again, the mate called the captain again. 'It seems that was not a ghost I saw to-day, sir; the man's alive.'

'What do you mean? Who's alive? 'Why, sir. one of the passengers we have just saved is the same man I saw writing on your slate at noon. I would swear to it in a court of justice. 'Upon my word, Mr. Bruce,' replied the

They found him in conversation with the captain of the rescued ship. They both came forward, and expressed, in the warmest terms, their gratitude for deliverance from a horrible fate-slow-coming death by expo- torment; you scamp! sure and starvation.

The captain replied that he had done what he was certain they would have done for him under the same circumstances, and asked them both to step down into the cab-in. Then turning to the passenger he said, I hope, sir, you will not think I am trifling with you; but I would be much obliged if you would write a few words on this slate.' And he handed him the slate with that side upon which the mysterious writing was not. 'I will do any thing you ask,' replied the passenger, 'but what shall I write?' 'A few words are all that I want. Sup-

pose you write, 'Steer for the nor'west?' The passenger, evidently puzzled to make are such, will form the ruffian character of the out the motive for such a request, complied, however, with a smile. The captain took up less tyrant, with a tongue sharper than a the slate and examined it closely; then stepping aside so as to conceal the slate from the passenger, he turned it over, and gave it to gentle victim for the sacrifice, and make her him again with the other side up. 'You say that is your hand-writing?' said be master. And master he is for a few sad

'I need not say so,' rejoined the other, looking at it, 'for you saw me write it.' 'And this?' said the captain, turning the awkward, ungainly men in society-they

The man looked at one writing, then at the other, quite confounded. At last-'What is the meaning of this?' said he --I only wrote one of these. Who wrote the vent and lodgment somewhere. Strike the That's more than I can tell you, sir. My

mate, here, says you wrote it, sitting at this desk, at noon to-day.' The captain of the wreck and the passenger looked at each other, exchanging glances a little bully with hands that double for tight of intelligence and surprise; and the former as naturally as if especial pains had been taasked the latter-

'Did you dream that you wrote on this mould the child. 'No sir, not that I remember.' 'You speak of dreaming,' said the captain of the barque. What was this gentleman about at noon to-day?"

'Captain,' rejoined the other, 'the whole rather we should both go down together.' as soon as we got a little quiet. It is got a little qu They examined the state rooms. Not a soul | what seemed such, some time before noon. -After an hour or more, he awoke and said to

me. 'Captain, we shall be relieved this very 'It's all very well to say so, sir; but if I 'When I asked what reason he had for lidn't see that man writing on your slate, saying so, he replied, that he had dreamed may I never see my home and family that he was on board a barque, and that she again!' was coming to our rescue. He described her appearance and rig, and to our utter astonish ment, when your vessel hove in sight, she corresponded exactly to his description of her We had not put much faith in what he said, Bruce? yet will we biged there might be something 'The man took the slate, and there, in in it, for drowing men, you know, will catch plain, legible characters, stood the words at straws. As it has turned out, I cannot doubt that it was all aranged, in some incomprehensible way, by an overruling Providence, so that we might be saved. To him, be all

thanks, for His goodness to us.'
"There is not a doubt,' rejoined the other ter than you do. I have told you the ex- captain, that the writing on the slate, let it come there there as it may, saved all your The captain sat down at his desk, the slate lives- I was steering at the time considerably The mate complied, and the captain, after | ded, turning to the passenger, that you did

'No, sir; I have no recollection whatever of doing so. I got the impression that He came, and at the captain's request, he | the barque I saw in my dream, was coming am very sure I never was in your vessel be-When the crew retired, the captain sat in fore. It is all a puzzle to me. What did

Thereupon Mr. Bruce related to them all must be searched, and if I don't find the the circumstances above detailed. The confellow he must be a good hand at hide and clusion they finally arrived at was, that it was a special interposition of Providence to Every nook and corner of the vessel, from save them from what seemed a hopeless fate. Clarke had the story from the mate about

less search, 'Mr. Bruce,' said the captain, He has since lost sight of him, and does not know whether he is yet alive. All he 'Can't tell, sir; I saw the man write; you has heard of him since they were see the writing. There must be something mates is, that he continued to trade to New Brunswick; that he became the master of I asked Capt. Clark if he knew Bruce

well, and what sort of a man he was. 'As truthful and straightforward a man, he replied, 'as ever I met in all my life .-'Well, we'll see. Go on deck, and give We were intimate as brothers, and two men look-out aloft, and let it be a hand you can know whether they can trust one another's word or not. He always spoke of the circumstances in terms of reverence, as of an incident that seemed to bring him nearer to upon it that he told me no lie.

There is no disputing this fact: it shines in the face of every little child. The coarse broiling, scolding woman, will have coarse fighting children. She, who cries on every occasion, "I'll box your ears-I'll break your neck," is known as thoroughly through her children, as if unwomanly manners were openly displayed in the public streets.

These remarks were suggested by the conversation in an omnibus-that noble institution for the student of men and mannersbetween a friend and schoolmaster. Our teacher was caustic, mirthful, and sharp-His wit flashed like the polished edge of a away in the third boat that had reached the diamond, and kept the buss "in a roar." The wreck, was ascending the ship's side, the entire company of insiders-and whoever is mate, catching a glimpse of his face, started intimate with these conveyances, can form a back in consternation. It was the very face pretty good idea of our numbers-inclusive he had seen three or four hours before, look. of "one more," so well known to the fraternity, turned their heads, eyes and ears one way, and finally our teacher said, "I can always tell the mother by the boy. The urchin who draws back with doubled fists, and lunges at his playmate, if he looks at him askance, has a very questionable mother. She may feed him and clothe him-cram him with sweet meats, and coax him with promises, but if she gets mad she fights. She will pull him by the jacket-she will give him a knock in the back; she will drag him by the hair-she will call him all sorts of wicked names, while passion plays over her red face in lambent flames that curl and writhe out at the corners of her eyes.

"And we never see the courteous little fellow with smooth looks and gentle mannercaptain, 'this gets more and more singular. in whom delicacy does not detract from courage or manliness, but we say, that boy's mother is a true lady. Her words and her ways are soft, loving-and quiet. If she reproves, her language is 'my son'-not 'you little wretch-you plague of my life !--you

"She hovers before him as the pillar of light before the wandering Israelites, and her beams are reflected in his face. To him the word mother is synonymous with everything pure, sweet and beautiful. Is he an artist -in after life, the face that with holy radiance shines on his canvass, will be the mother's face. Whoever flits across his path with sunny smiles and soft, low voice, will bring "mother's" image freshly to his heart. "She

is like my mother," will be the highest

meed of his praise. Not even when the hair

turns silver, and the eye grows dim, will the majesty of that life and presence desert him. "But the ruffian mother-alas! that there man. He in his turn will become a mercitwo-edged sword, and remembering the brawling and the cuffing, seek some meek, his wife with the condition that he shall years, when he wears a widower's weed till

he finds victim number two.'

We wonder not that there are so many have all been trained by women who knew not or cared for the holy nature of their trust. They have been made bitter to the heart's core, and that bitterness will find infant in anger, and he will, if he cannot reach you, vent his passion by beating the floor, the chair or any inanimate thing within reach. Strike him repeatedly, and by the time he wears shoes he will have become ken to teach him the art of boxing. Mothers, remember that your manners

Some sharpers seem to act upon the as sumption, that if they chest a poor fellow out of his land, he has no ground to complain.

OUR NATIONAL GUESTS. We present an interesting compilation of incidents upon the movements of the Japanese Embassy at Washington, and of their pe-

culiarit es, habits, &c. Habit is second nature. It is the habit of a Japanese, when he wants to seat himself, to drop on his knees, cross his feet and turn up his heels, which latter he converts into a chair, the toes, instep and calves of the legs

being thus brought into close contact. The Japans are decidedly the most gal lant of Grantal nations. Their women a e treated as companions, not as slaves. Polygamy is discarded by them, and their mat-rimonial tem would be regarded, even in this sounds, as orthodox. Upon marrying. they invariably shave the eyebrows off and black it was toeth with a liquid which also horro is the same. This last contour is some-times practised as soon as an engagement is formed. They also, and in most cases before marriage, dye the lips with a sort of rouge called bing, which is manufactured from the carthamus tinctorius, and prepared in small porcelain cups. When a slight coat of this is applied, it produces a bright red color ;but a deep violet hue, the tint most prized,

can only be imported by laying it on thick. "What is one man's food is another's poison," says the proverb, and no doubt we should find a good deal of truth in it it one of the Japanese and myself were to exchange breakfist and dinner every day. They never eat any other flesh than pork, fish and poultry, and but seldom of either. Rice, bread and tea are their three great staples; but they also like an assortment of fresh and pickled vegetables.

The present Embassy no doubt owes its origin to the diplomatic skill of Mr. Townsend Harris, who impressed upon the Japanese the importance of their becoming more intimately acquainted with foreign nations, and so induced them to stipulate in their last treaty that an embassy should be sent within a short period. The Japanese subsequently attempted to annul this obligation, but he would not consent to it, and maintained that it would be of eventful advantage for Japan to send an embassy to the United States. The new Tycoon, who is now only in his sixteenth year, finding that our Consul General was resolute on the subject, consented to the first embassy visiting the United States accordingly, and the result

is their presence among us. It very much amuses the Japanese medical men to hear themselves called "doctors."-When Commander Lee, opened the door of their room a few days ago, and pointed to those entirely shaved headed gentlemen who were looking over their effects, which were scattered all over the floor, beds and boxes, and said, "These are the doctors," they laughed and repeated "doctors" as if it struck

them as being somewhat very funny. The artist of the Embassy has already large collection of sketches, and the number goes on increasing every day. Most of the interesting scenes and incidents on the voy age from Japan to Washington have been depicted by him. In one of his sketch books he has pencilled, with ale exactitude also a printing press, types, books, and compositors at work; street scenes, embracing buildings carts and horses, and separate

drawings of each. One sketch in particular is likely to arrest the attention-the subject is serving grog on board the Powhatan. It exhibits a group of fifteen or twenty tars, each with a cup, some drinking, some dipping into the container some smacking their lips, and the expression, and tout ensemble of all perfectly life-like. He has two or three glimpses of the Panama railroad, which to them was the most wonderful object they met with. It is a pity that their first experience of

the iron roads of America should have been acquired on the Isthmus. On the occasion of the visit of the Ambassadors and suite to the President's grounds on Saturday, Miss Lane, the President's niece, was evidently curious to examine the blade of Ogure Bungo Nokami's sword. For the information of those who may not recognize this gentleman by name, I will state his office to be that of censor or special supervisor to the Embassy, and the third highest in rank. Ogure Bungo Nokami no sooner comprehended the desire of the lady to unsheath his catana-such is the name of the larger weapon of the two -than he smiled most graciously, and said in Japanese, "Take it, my lady," at the same time handing it to her most gracefully. She, upon this, drew the glittering blade from its scabbard (half wood, half leather, with an inlay of silver) and eyed it womanlike and closely, and then returning it to its sheath, handed it back to its owner, who took it with evident pleasure that the thing of his honor and defence should have excited interest on

the part of one so fair. PRESIDENT BUCHANAN'S OPINION OF THEM. A correspondent of the Herald gives the following account of a conversation had with

President Buchanan: Alloding to the Japanese, he said, "They never speak to me without calling me Emperor and his Majesty, and are the most particlar people about what they should do." Everything was written down for them, stating the course they were to take, the number of bows they must make, and all that, before they left Japan. They can't understand me at all. You know they were in front to hear the band on Saturday. Well, I went down the steps to speak to some of my friends that I saw, and they could'nt understand that at all .-To think that I-Emperor of the United States-should go down among and shake hands with the people, astonished them worderfully. Oh! no, they couldn't understand that at all, so onlike anything in their country. "How long sir, do you think they'll remain in this country ?" I asked, "Well, I couldn't tell you; they are the queerest people to deal with possible; there's no getting anything out of them, they're so close about everything. May be they'll remain the hundred days, or perhaps only the sixty. At any rate, they'll have to wait till the Niagara reaches Panama, and she has to go

round the Cape the worst season of the year, so that it will take them three months."-'Ah, these Japanese,' he continued, 'they'e the most curious people I ever saw. They take notes of everything. They've got down a long description of how I looked when they had the reception, and everything they've seen; nothing escapes them. They're always sketching and taking notes of things. They're very proud, too, I can see; they bow very low, but they won't do more than

is prescribed for them in their instructions. Precocious Wir.-A few days since a lit.

tle ragged urchin was sent by a tradesman to collect a small bill. He began in the usual way, but becoming more and more importanate, at length the gentleman's patience being exhausted, he said to him-"You need not dun me so sharply; I am not going to run away." "I don't suppose you are," said the boy, scratching his head; "but my master is, and he wants the money."